

Part of this Sum-
mers Travels,
OR NEWS
From *Hell, Hull, and Hallifax,*
from *Tork, Linne, Leicester,*
Cbeſter, Coventry, Lichfield,
Nottingham, and the
Drivells Ars a Peake;



With many pleasant passages,
worthy your observation
and reading.

By *John Taylor.*

Water post, 1639

Imprinted by *J. O.*

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*A few words of direction to
the Reader.*

Have not written every place in that order, as is set downe in the Title of this Pamphlet, but of such places as I travelled unto, I have truly related the passages, and the time, both when, where, why, and how I went, came and perform'd it. If any man aske wherefore this Book is good, or how it may be any way usefull, I answer that it is foure ways commodious: First, it is profitable, for it will direct a man the high-ways of crossing divers Countries from place to place, which no other Book shews, as from *Leicester* to *Linne* in *Norfolke*, from *Linne* to *Kingstone*,
A 2 upon

upon Hull in Torkeſſhire, from Hull to
Torke, thence to Hallifax, to Cheſter, Darby,
Nottingham, Coventry, Litchfield, and the
Devils Ars a Peake: all theſe ways are here-
in deſcribed; ſecondly, there are ſome Mo-
numents of Antiquitie are mentioned,
which greater Authours have omitted;
thirdly, there are ſome paſſages of delight-
full Mirth and Recreation. And laſtly, all is
true, or elſe you have the Authours leave to
travell as hee hath done, and doe your beſt
and worſt to prove him a liar.



Passages and Entertainments
from *London to Leicester*,
with some observations
of the said Town
and Shire.

UPon Saint Swithins day, I noted well,
The wind was calme, nor any rain then fell,
Which faire day (as old sawes saith) doth
portend,

That heav'n to earth, will plenteous harvest send,
The morrow being Julies sixteenth day,
In my Progression I began my way.
I need not to relate the towns that lie
Just in my way, (as I road through or by)
Onely at Mims, a Cockney boasting bragger
In mirth, did aske the women for Bellswagger,
But strait the females, like the Furies fell,
Did curse, scold, raile, cast dirt, and stones pell mell,

But we betook us nimble to our spurs,
 And left them calling us rogues, knaves, and cunts:
 With other pretty names, which I discern'd
 They from their old fore-mothers well had learn'd.
 The reason why they are with rage inflam'd,
 When as they hear Bellwagger nam'd.
 Is (as report doth say) there dwelt a Squire,
 Who was so full of love, (or lusts desire)
 That with his faire tongue, Hippocritish-bood,
 (By slanderous people 'twas misunderstood)
 The women were so fruitfull, that they were
 All got with childe, in compasse of one yeare,
 And that Squires name, they say, Bellwagger was,
 And from that tale, the lying jeere doth passe,
 Wherefore the women there will chide and swagger,
 If any man do aske them for Bellwagger.
 Thence past I on my journey unto Hockly,
 Whereas I saw a Drunkard like a block lye,
 There I alighted at the sanguine Lion,
 Where I had meat, drink, and a bed to lie on.
 The next day I road stately to Northampton,
 And all the way my horse most proudly stamp't on,
 On Thursday, trotting, galloping and ambling,
 To Leicester, I proceeded in my rambling:
 There, at the blue Boare I was welcome than
 Unto my brother Miles, a downright man,
 Plain dealing, free from flattery, fraud or feare,
 Who hath liv'd long with reputation there,

He's

He's old and honest, valiant, courteous, free :
 (I write not this for making much of me)
 But they that doubt on't, let them go and try
 And if he be a changling, say I lie.
 That house King Richard lodg'd in, his last night,
 Before he did the field of Bosworth fight,
 And there's a Room, a King to entertain,
 The like is not in Leicester Town again,
 Th' Assizes then were there, some causes tried,
 And Law did there the corps and souls divide,
 Of two offenders, one had with a Knife
 Stab'd his contracted love, and reav'd her life,
 'Tother, a wench that had stolne some poor rayment,
 And fir'd the house, deserv'd the Hangmans pay-
 King Leir a Temple did to Janus reare (ment.
 And plac'd a Flamine in't, there doth appeare
 The arch'd Ovens foure yards thick at least,
 Wherein they Heathen Sacrifices drest;
 Like as the Jews in their Idolatry,
 Offer'd their sonnes and daughters impiously,
 To Moloeh, Nisroch, Ashtaroth, and Ball :
 And to those devillish gods adore and fall,
 So people here, when warre or peace they sought;
 They offrings unto Janus Temple brought;
 This was eight hundred forty and foure yeare
 Before our Saviours birth, built by King Leire,
 Long after Etheldred (the Mercian King)
 A happy and a Christian change did bring

The Temple raz'd, the Flamine he defac'd,
 And there a Christian Bishops See he plac'd,
 Which lasted but few yeares, for then this Land
 Was seven-fold soaked, beneath 7 Kings command
 And those Kings still were in perpetuall wars
 That England was quite spoyl'd with endlesse jars
 And in those Garboyles Leicester had her share,
 Spoil'd, rifled, ransack'd, robd, and left most bare
 Till Edelfred, with great magnificence,
 Repair'd and wall'd it strongly for defence.
 Then did it flourish long in wealth and state,
 Till second Henry it did ruinate:
 He in out-ragious fury fir'd the Town,
 Diswall'd it quite, and cast the Castle down,
 So nothing but some raines doth appeare,
 Whereby men may perceive that such things were.
 Thus Leicester fell, from state superlative,
 Her fifty Churches all consum'd to five,
 Yet it is faire and spacious at this day,
 And East, West, North, and South 'tis every way
 Above a mile in length, so that no doubt,
 The Town's in circuit six large miles about.
 Henry first Duke of Lancaster in war,
 In peace, or bounty, a bright blazing Star
 For buildings in this City is renown'd,
 Which as time rais'd, time did again confound,
 Yet one large fabrick there doth still abide,
 Whereby the good Dukes name is dignified,

And

And that's an Hospitall or Bead-house; where
 One hundred and ten men are harbour'd there,
 From perishing through want, still to defend
 Those aged men untill the world shall end,
 Twice every day a Chaplain doth repair
 To them; and unto God sends prayse and prayer,
 And Nurses are allow'd to dresse their meat,
 To make their beds, to wash, and keep them neat
 For which they thankfull be to God alone
 Who rais'd such means to ease the poor mans moane,
 Good Henry Earle of Huntingdon (renown'd):
 A free schoole did erect there, from the ground,
 With means (though meane) for maintenance en-
 Two Vthers, and one Schoolmaster allow'd, (dow'd
 They teach young lads, such Rules as do belong,
 To reade the English word the Latine tongue,
 And when their knowlidge is with hope descend,
 They in the Greeke may learn, and be more learn'd.

But to relate something in prose of this ancient
 Towne of Leicester, in the time of nine weekes,
 which I abode there to and fro, I observet such
 a civill government and decency, which is not
 in many places to be found or equallized.

First, I noted the peace, tranquillity, and unity
 which the people live in, under the rule and
 command of the Major and his brethren, To
 whose

whose authority and power (under the King) the inhabitants do willingly obey.

Secondly, the Clergy (or Ministry) are learned, diligent, and painfull; and both Clergie and Layity, are conformable to the Orders and Discipline of the Church of *England*, and I did not heare of any one, residing there, that is, either Schismatically opinionated with Dogmaticall Whimsies, or *Amasser-damnable* Fopperies.

Thirdly, they are so charitable, and carefull in providing for the relief of the poore and needy, that a man must go seek where to bestow his almes, for there is not any one (that I could see) that begg'd in the whole Town.

Fourthly, the streets are so well paved, and kept so clean from dung-hills, filth, or soyle, that in the wettest or fowlest weather, a man may go all over the Towne in a paire of slippers, and never wet his feet.

Lastly, the people are generally so loving one to another, that the Lawyers want work, and so honest that the Apparitors are idle, and those few Drunkards which they have, are very civill and faire condition'd.

Certain other observations.

There is a faire Library, and a well founded
Almes-

Almes-house within the Town, also two Gaoles,
two houses of Correction, and for mad and fran-
tick people. Also it is reported, that when King
Richard the Third went from *Leicester*, to fight
the battaile neer *Bosworth*, that then there was a
man of mean calling (some say he was a Weaver,
and some say a Plough-wright by his Trade) hee
had a spirit of divination or Prophecies, of whom
the Tyrant King *Richard* demanded some que-
stions, what the event of that dayes fight might
beto him, to whom the other (most bluntly an-
swered, *Marke my words King Richard, that as*
thou dost ride out of this Towne of Leicester, this
morning thou shalt hit thy right foot against a
stone, and as thou returnest thou shalt knocke thy
head against the same; which proved true, for as
he roade, he did strike against the corner of a wall
his foot, and after hee was slain in the field, hee
was stript, and his body layd crosse behind a
man on Hors-back, (like a Calfe) and in that vile
and ignominious manner, as they brought his
corps back to *Leicester*, his head did knocke a-
gainst the aforesaid wall or stone, which place I
saw there; also I went eight miles to see *Red-*
crepe field, where the King fell, which is a moo-
rish kinde of ground, altogether unfruitfull, and
the water doth seem red, which some foolish
people do suppose to be the staine of K. *Richards*
bloud;

bloud; but it is onely the colour of the red earth that makes the water seeme so, and the ground close adjoyning is very fertile for Corne and Pasturage, but in the lower parts it is boggy and moory: by nature, and not either barren or bloudy by any reason of the Kings death.

Another observation is concerning the alteration of the measures of Miles, and good sufficient Pots or Jugs of drink, but the further I travelled Northward, the more the miles were lengthened, and the Pots shrunke and curtailed; but indeed, what the liquor wanted in measure it had in strength: the power of it being of such potencie, that it would fox a dry Traveller, before he had half quenche his thirst.

In this County of *Leicester*, I observed a piece of extream justice, executed upon three Geese, which was thus.

At a Village called *Dadlington*, eight miles from *Leicester*, there dwels a Gentlewoman a Kinswoman of mine, who the last Trinity Term 1639. was at *London*, about some businesse in Law, which much concern'd her: and in her absence, the Pinder of *Dadlington*, finding three of her Geese innocently grazing upon the Common, for to shew the full power, force, vertue, and marrow of his office and authority, drave the Geese into the Pound or Pindfold, and be-
cause

cause they could procure no Bayle for their Release, nor sureties for their true imprisonment, hee put all their three necks into a Horlock, which Engine or Neck-fetter was so strait, close, and pinching, that the Geese were all strangled: Now the question is whether *Willy, Tilly*, (the Pinder so silly) were the cause of their deaths, or whether the Geese did desperately cast away themselves: all which I humbly refer to the discretion of the Jury.

But some Readers may muse why I do write so much of *Leicester*, in this little Book; the reason is that I lay there from the 17 of *July*, to the 20 of *August*, which was five weekes, but in the mean space, I rood to *Coventry*, and return'd in a day to *Leicester* again, of *Coventry* I have little to say, but that it is a faire, famous, sweet, and ancient City, so walled about with such strength and neatnesse, as no City in *England* may compare with it: in the wals (at severall places) are 13 Gates and Posterns whereby to enter, and issue too and from the City: and on the wals are 18 strong defensible Towers, which do also beautifie it: in the City is a faire and delicate Crosse, which is for structure, beauty, and workmanship, by many men accounted unmatched in this Kingdome: although my selfe with some others, do suppose, that of *Abington* in *Berkesbire* will match

match it, and I am sure the Crosse in Cheapside at London doth farre out-passe it. I have bin at this City foure times, and have written of it before, and therefore at this time (my stay being so short there) I have but little to say, onely this that some are of opinion, that at the first it was called *Coventry*, from the French word *Trey Covent*, because there were founded three Covents, for three severall Orders of Friers, namely, the *Franciscan* Friers, the *Augustine* Friers, and the *Dominicans*: It matters not much who erected the said foundations and Covents, but it is certain, that the renowned King *Henry* the Eighth did suppress and demolish them, whose memories now is almost quite buried in their owne ruines. *Coventry* is a County of it selfe, it hath been grac'd and dignified much by the Grants and Priviledges given to it by former Kings, as King *Edward* the Third, and King *Henry* the Sixth; The Majors name (at my being there, was Master *Thomas Forrest* a Vintener) and Master *Thomas Phineas* Sword-bearer there dyed at the beginning of the Sessions (much about the time of my being there) he was a man of that comely bulke and corpulency, that his Coffin was a full yard wide at the shoulders, and it is said, that in his life time hee could have been (at one meale) the consumption of a large shoulder of Mutton.

but he and his good Stomack being both deceast,
I left *Coventry*, because it was Sessions time,
and returned to my Randevouze at *Leister*.

The eleventh day of *August* I road from *Leister* to *Nottingham*, where I lodged at the signe of the *Princes Armes*; but I was wel entertained at the house of the Right Worshipfull Sir *Thomas Hutchinson* Knight, himselfe and his good Lady made mee welcome, and did expresse their boimty to mee in good Cheere and Money: for the which I am heartily thankful.

The Towne of *Nottingham* is seated on a Hill, which Hill is almost of one stony Rocke, or a soft kinde of penetrable sandy stone; it hath very faire buildings, many large streetes, and a spacious Market place: a great number of the inhabitants (especially the poorer sort) doe dwell in vaults, holes, or caves, which are cut and digged out of (or within) the Rocke: so that if a man be destitute of a house, it is but to goe to *Nottingham*, and with a Mattock, a Shovell, a Crow of Iron, a Chizell, and Mallet, and such instruments, he may play the *Mole*, the *Cunny*, or the *Pioner*, and worke himselfe a Hole, or a Burrow, for him and his family: Where, over their heads the grasse and pasture growes, and beasts do feed; faire Orchards and gardens are their coverings, and Cowes are milke upon the tops of their houses.

ses. I was much befriended by Master Palmer the laylor there; for he went with me, and shewed me the (sometimes) strong and defensible Castle, but now much ruined: yet still there are many faire and sumptuous roomes in reasonable reparation and estate. On the lofty Battlements of the said Castle, there is a most spacious prospect round about: for from thence I could see the most stately Castle of *Belvoyre* or *Bever* Castle, which doth (as it selfe) belong to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Rutland*: and nearer hand, within three miles, I saw the ancient Towne of *Gotham*, famous for the seven Sages (or Wise men) who are fabulously reported to live there in former ages.

In the aforesaid Castle of *Nottingham*, I was shewed divers strange wonderfull Vaults, cut or hewen out of the Rocke, whereof one is said to be the place where *David* King of *Scots* was detained many years in captivity: where the said King, with his owne hands (without any other instrument than the nayles of his fingers) did with the said tooles engrave and claw out the forme of our Saviours Life, death, and passion; which Worke is there to bee scene upon the Walls.

Also there is another Vault or passage through the Rocke, whereby men may descend or ascend out, or into the Castle; which vault is called

Mortimers

Mortimers Hole; through which hole (as report goes) the great *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *Wigmar*, and Lord of *Wallingford* had egress and regress to the Queene, wife to King *Edward* the second, or the unfortunate *Edward* of *Carnarvan*. Thus having seen as much of *Nottingham Towne* and *Castle* as is related; on the twelfth of *August*, I road to the ancient towne of *Darby*: On the thirteenth of *August* I left *Darby*, with an intent to retire to *Leister*; but after I had road halfe a Mile, I met with an acquaintance of mine, who was travailing towards the *Peake* in *Darby* shire, to a Towne called *Wirksworth*, and from thence to *Chiefterfield*, I returned with him. The Country is very Mountaineous, and many Lead Mines are found thereabouts: the best and most richest is called *Dove Gany*, within a mile or little more of *Wirksworth* (corruptly called *Worsworth*:) and two Miles from thence are most dangerous wayes, stony, craggy, with inaccessible Hills and Mountaines: the grounds there are lawfull (as they told me) for any man to dig or mine in for Lead, be they of what condition soever: for the Laws of mining is, that those that will adventure their Labours shall have all the profits, paying the tenth part to the Lord or Landlord, of all the Lead which they get. If it happen that they take

B

pains

pains, a yeare or two in sundry places to finde a Myne if their fortune be so hard to finde none (as it often falls out so) they do work all that while for nothing, and finde themselves as they are able, and in the end their toyle and labour is all lost: but if they doe hit upon a good Myne that doth hold out, and yield plentifully, then they may quickly enrich themselves (if they be good husbands.) I was told of a poore Thatcher that left his Trade, and venturing his time and pains, he found so rich a Lead Myne, that he would turn Gentleman, and he kept men in Liveries, living at the rate of the expence of 100 pound a week; so that he supposing that Leaden, Golden World would never be ended, took no care to save any thing, but after a while, the Myne failed, and hee spent that little which hee had left in digging for more, could finde none, so that for a conclusion, he forsook the *Peake*, and turned Thatcher again.

That part of the *Peak*, which is called the *Devils Arse*, is at or neere a Towne named *Castleton*, or Castle Towne, so stiled from an ancient ruined Castle on a Hill, at the end of the Town, it is 30 miles from *Darby*, the Castle stands on the top of a Hill, and under it is a Cliff or Riffe in the said Hill, which is as wide at the entrance as three Barn doores, but being entred in it is

en-

enclosed again so narrow, that a man must stoop to passe further, but after that straight passage is past, there is rooms of incredible and wonderfull greatnesse, with strange and intricate turnings and windings, which no man can see without great store of lights, and by reason that those things are naturall, and formed without any art or labour of man, and with all so dismally horrid, darke, and hideous, that place is called the *Devils Arse a Peak*, at or upon which I have (according to my promise) given three jerks with my pen, at the latter end of this Book.

From thence I returned towards *Leicester* 30 miles, on the 19 of *August*, and lodged at a Market Towne called *Narbury*, and the next day I came all tyred and weary (both man and beast to *Leicester*) and on the 20 day, I took my journey 64 miles into *Norfolke*, to the famous Town of *Linne*, and three miles from thence, at a Village called *Wooton*, I was there well welcomed by Master *Richard Miles* (to whom I am and must be a thankfull Brother in Law) whose loving kindnesse to me was shewed in such extraordinary manner, which becaufe I cannot expresse, I will remayn gratefull with silence.

Concerning *Linne*, it is an excellent Sea-town and strong Port, it is gravely and peaceably governed by a Major, 12 Aldermen, and 4 Recorder.

der. It hath bin honored by divers, but chiefly by King *John* 440 yeares since, and by King *Henry* the Third, the first gave them a faire gilt Cup which is there to be seene, as a witnesse of his Royall liberality: and who so will know more of *Linne*, let them goe thither and look the Records of the Town, or else let them read Master *Camdens Britania*, or the painfull labours of Master *Iohn Speed*. The troth is, mine Hoast *Noble*, was a noble Hoast to me, at whose house, my brothers kindred and friends, gave me a friendly farewell. On Tuesday the 27 of *August*, from *Linne* to *Boston* in *Lincolnsbire* 24 miles, where I dined with the right Worshipfull Sir *Anthony Thomas* Knight, from *Boston* I road 14 miles to *Horn Castle*, where I lodg'd the 28 of *August*. But I crave pardon of the Reader, for I had almost forgotten a merry passage or two which hapned in *Norfolke*, not farre from *Linne*: and thus it was.

At a place called *Priors Thorns*, neere to two Towns, namely, *Northbery* and *Sapham*, there dwelt a man named *Frier*, who was rich in substance, but very poore and miserable in his conditions: belike hee had read or heard of a Play that was written 40 yeares since by Master *Benjamin Iohnson*, the Play is extant, and is called *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which Play
was

was acted and personated a mizerly Farmer, that had much corne in his Barnes, and did expect a scant or barren Haruest, that through want and scarcity hee might sell his corne at what deare rates hee pleased, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the Haruest proved abundantly plentiful, wherefore hee being in an extraordinary merry or mad veine, put himselfe to the charge of the buying of a two penny halter, and went into his Barn as secretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he fastned the other end to a beam, and most neatly hang'd himself: But (as ill luck would have it) his man presently came into the Barne, and espyde his Master so bravely mounted, the unlucky Knave drew his Knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as lowde as he could, rubbing and chafing his Master with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the last he awak'd out of his traunce, and fetch'd a deep groan, began to stare and look about him; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his first words to his man was, Sirrah, who did cut this, O Master (said the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to doe it, and I pray you to take God in your minde, and never more to hazard your soule and body in such a wicked manner: to which good counsell of the poor fellow,

the Caitiffe replyde, Sirrah. If you would be meddling (like a sawey basie Rogue) you might have unttyde it, that it might have serv'd another time, such an unthrifty Rascall as thou wilt never be worth such a halter, it cost me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, hee did abate the said two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another service: This was acted really and lately at the place aforesaid, in imitation of that part in the Play, of *Every Man out of his Humour*.

After the said *Frier* had some Hogs which were like to die with the Murraim, which Hogs he killed and powdred, and his wife, children, and Family, as many as did eat of the Porke, fell sick and dyed all: for the which the slave deserv'd a hanging, and a Hangman, but hee yet lives for some worse purpose.

Concerning a paire of Brewers, and a piece of justice. Another short *Norfolk Tale* is not impertinent. There was one Master *Fen* a Brewer at *Fensham*, and one Master *Francis Dix* a Brewer at *Saplam*, this *Dix* was riding in the Country amongst his Customers, (the Inkeepers and Vi-Quallers) and he call'd for a pot of Ale or Beere as hee rood by; (now that Ale-house was a Custo-

mer to *Fen*, as soon as *Dix* had drank, hee asked who brewed that drink, to whom the Hoastesse sayd, that Master *Fen* of *Fensham* brewed it; well said *Dix*, I dare lay a wager, that I will give my Mare but a peck of Mault, and she shall pisse better drink than this: at the last these words came to *Fens* hearing, for the which disparagement, he sued *Dix*, and recovered from him twenty pound damage besides costs, at the Assizes last at *Normich* 1639. And now to returne to the narration of my Travels, from whence I have digress, since I lodg'd at *Horne Castle* in *Lincolneshire*.

From thence on the 18 of *August*, I road 30 miles to *Barton* upon *Humber*, and the next day (being Friday) I tooke a Boat for my selfe, my Squire, and my two Palfreyes, down to *Hull*, or *Kingstone* upon *Hull*, the strength and scituation of which Towne I have formerly written of: and I had no new thing there whereof to make any new Relation; let it suffice, that it is absolutely accounted the strongest and most defensible Town in the Kingdome of *England*, and for good government inferiour to none: I might speak somewhat of their good fellowship; but my Book would swell big with it, therefore I will pay them with thinking and thanking of them, both my old friends and new acquaintance all in generall.

The

The 31 of *August* I left *Hull*, and road to *Holden* 16 miles, and on the morrow I road to *Cowood* Castle, to see the most Reverend Doctor *Neale*, the Lord Archbishop of *Yorke* his Grace, whom in all humility I do acknowledge my self much bound in duty daily to pray for, and remember him with unfained reverend thankfulnesse, not only for the undeserved favours and bounty which his Grace extended towards mee now, but for many other former approvements of his Graces love and liberality, when his Grace liv'd neere mee at *Winchester* House. At Dinner with his Grace, I had the happinesse to renew my Acquaintance with the Noble and Worthy Knight Sir *Francis Wortley*, who most courteously invited and commanded me to visit him in my journey, of which more followeth.

My humble thanks rememberd to the right worthy worshipfull Knight Sir *Paul Neale*, with his fair and vertuous Lady, as also my Gratefull remembrance to all my Lords Gentlemen and Servants, to whose loves and for whose friendships I shall ever acknowledge my selfe an ingaged Debter.

Thus having past the Sunday with my Lords Grace, and those other before named Gentlemen. On Munday the second of *September*, I took my Breakfast and my leave both of *Cowood*, and

and road to *Yorke*, where I visited the worthy Knight (my old acquaintance) Sir *Arthur Ingram*, with whom, I thank his Worship, I dined, and also had some other token of his love and bounty, for the which I remayn thankfull.

Of *Yorke* I have but little to say, though it be a great, a faire, and the second City in *England*, built 989 years before our Saviours Birth, by *Ebrank* King of this Land, from whom the City is called *Eboracensis*, this *Ebrank* is said to have 21 Wives, by whom he had 20 sones, and 70 daughters: he raigned here when as King *Solomon* Raigned in *Ierusalem*, hee overran *France*, he builded *Alclaid*, or *Dumbristoun* in *Scotland*, hee founded *Yorke*, hee erected a Temple there, and therein plac'd a *Flamine* to *Diana*: but after (in King *Lucius* time) *Elutherius* pull'd downe the said Idolatrous wooden Temple, and displac'd the *Flamine*, and caused the Minster to be built in that magnificent manner of free stone, placing there an Archbishop; *Severus* the *Roman* Emperour dyed there, and also there dyed the Emperour *Flavius Vallerius Constantinus* (which some call *Cblorus*) those that will know more of *Yorke*, let them reade *Chronicles* and larger Volumes.

The Lord Major of *Yorke* was (at my being there, one Sir *Roger Iaques* Knight, a Gentleman

man of approved wisdom and government: my self did not stay three houres, and myne Hoast Master *Corney* at the Tailbot, told mee all the news which I heard there, which was a fellow, that (amongst other offenders) was the first that was hang'd, and the last that was cut down, and being put into the grave or pit, with his fellows, when the earth was cast upon them, he began to stir and recover life, and was return'd to the Gaole is now there living, and able to report truly what hanging is, *Probatum est.*

From *Yorke* I rode after Dinner to *Tadcaster*, and so to a place called *Kidell*, where at a poore Ale-house I was glad of entertainment, and had the company of a Tinker who made pretty Musique with his *Banbury* Kettle-drum, there was also with him two Drovers and 35 Hogs, which were to be driven on the morrow seven miles further to *Leeds* Market, this good lodging and company, I past the night with all, and on the morrow, I road to the Town of *Leeds*; of which Towne I must say somewhat. This Town is (for the bignesse of it) one the most populous Towne in *England*, it hath in it above 12000 people, and having but one Church there, it was not halfe capable to receive so great a Congregation, they were extremly thronged and dangerously crowded (especially in the heat of Summer, or sultry con-

contagious weather) that the most part of the people were inforced either to go two or three miles severall ways to other Village Churches, or else to stay at home and want the hearing of Gods Word, and the meanes of their salvation. The care and consideration of these Grievances entred into the pious minde of one Master *John Harrison* Gentleman there, (now living,) so that God opened his heart, that of his owne proper costs he caused a Church to be built (though it have but the name of a Chappell) which is so large, that it will contain 4000 people, it is so neatly compacted and framed, with exquisite art of carving and Masonry, with painting, gilding, polishing, embellishing, and adorning, with a most stately Rooffe, a fair lofty Tower or Steeple, a sweet Ring of Bells, besides the admirable and costly Joyners and Carvers Workmanship in the Font, Pulpit, Pewes, Chappell, Communion Boord, and all other things and ornaments for the decent adornment of such a House consecrated and dedicated to the Service of God. I do absolutely affirme, that neither the Church nor the Founder hath any fellows to be found.

This Chappell is called by the name of *Saint John Evangelist*, it hath a faire Churchyard for Burials, well and strongly walled about, and at the West end of the Church-yard, the said Gentleman

tleman hath founded a faire Almshouse, and therein placed 21 poore aged people; also hee hath founded and finished a faire School-house for the instruction of youth, and a fine sweet street hee hath built on both sides in a uniforme and faite manner, with Houses: the Rents whereof are for the mayntenance of the Almshouses, the Schoole, and Reparations of the Church to the end of the World. And I leave this worthy Founder to God for a blessing, and to the World for imitation.

From *Leeds* I went to *Wakefield*, where if the valiant *Pinder* had been living, I would have play'd *Don Quixot's* part, and challenged him; but being it was so happy that he was dead, I past the Town in peace to *Barnsley*, and so to *Worsley*, to Sir *Francis Worsley's* ancient House. The entertainment which himselfe, his good Lady, and his most faire and hopefull daughter gave mee there, as I never did or can deserve, so I never shall be able to requite, to talke of meat, drinke, money, and free welcome for Horse and Man, it were but a meer foolery for me to begin, because then I should run my self into a Labyrinth, out of which I should hardly finde the way: Therefore to his Worship, my humble thanks remembred; and everlasting happinesse wished, both to him and all that is his. Yet I cannot forbear to write

a little of the further favour of this Noble Knight. Upon the fourteenth of *September* afternoon, he took horse with mee, and his Lady and daughter in their Coach, with some other Servants on horseback; where three miles we rode over Rocks and Cloud-kissing Mountains, one of them is so high, that (in a cleere day) a man may from the top thereof see both the Minsters or Cathedral Churches, *Torke* and *Lincolne*, neere 60 miles off us; and as it is to be supposed, *That when the Devill did looke over Lincolne, as the Proverbe is*) that hee stood upon that Mountaine) or neer it: Sir *Francis* brought me to a Lodge, the place is called *Wharnccliffe*, where the Keeper dwels, who is his man, and keeps all this Woody, Rocky, Stony, Vast Wildernesse under him, for there are many Deere there, and the Keeper were an Ass if he would want Venison, having so good a Master.

Close to the said Lodge, is a Stone in burthen at the least 100 cart loads, the top of it is four square (by Nature) and about 12 yards compasse, it hath three seats in the forme of Chaires, made by art (as it were in the front of the Rocke) wherein three persons may easily sit, and have a view and goodly prospect over large Woods, Towns, Corn-fields, fruitfull and pleasant Pastures, Valleys, Rivers, Deere, Neat, Sheep, and all things needful for the life of man: containd

in thousands of Acres and all (or the better part, belonging to that Noble Knights Ancestors, and himself. Behind the Stone is a large Inscription engraven, where in an old character is described the ancient memory of the *Wortleys* (the Progenitors to Sir *Francis* now living) for some hundreds of yeares, who were Lords and Owners of the said Lands and Demaynes which hee now holds as their right Heire. About a Bow shoot from thence (by the descent of many rungs of a ladder) his Worship brought mee to a Cave or Vault in a Rocke, wherein was a Table with seats, and Turfe Cushions round, and in a hole in the same Rock, was three Barrels of nappy liquour, thither the Keeper brought a good Red Deere Pye, cold roast Mutton, and an excellent Shooing-horn of hang'd *Martins* Bieffe: which cheer no man living would thinke such a place could afford: so after some merry passages and repast, we returned home.

On the fifth of *September*, I hired a Guide, and rode to *Halifax* 16 miles, the ways were so rocky, stony, boggy and mountaynous, that it was a days journey to ride so short a way. At *Halifax* I saw the fatall Engine, wherewith they do behead pilfering Thieves, which Sir *Francis Wortley* told me was set upon this occasion following.

This

This Towne of *Halifax* hath (for time out of minde) liv'd and subsisted by the rich and laudable Trade of Gloathing, and oftentimes their Cloathes were stolne from the Tenterhooks, (or Tenters) whereupon the King (then Raigning) upon their humble suite had priviledge granted to the Town for ever: That if a Thiefe were taken, either of these three ways, which is, *Hand-napping, Back-bearing, or Tongue-telling*, that is, either *about to steale, or carrying it away, or confessing*, that then the party offending (after triall by a Jury of Townsmen) if the goods, be it cloth, cattell, or whatsoever is valuable, is judg'd to have their heads struck off with the said Engine, without any Assize or Sessions. Now the Engine is two high pieces of Timber, an ell or yard asunder, fixed and closed on the top, with a crosse piece like a Gallowse; in the inner sides of the two standing pieces are two gutters, and on the top (or crosse piece) is a pulley through which they do put a small Line or Rope, and fastning it to another heavier piece of wood of 100 weight (in which they doe fix the sharp-edge-toole) then they doe pull or hoyst up the said weight, and the stolne goods is brought to the place of execution with the Malefactor; now one end of the Rope is made fast to a pinne or stake, which being cut, the Engine falls so ponderously

derously and speedily, that it severs the head from the body in a moment, but there is no man will or must cut the Line, but the Owner of the stolen goods, which if he do, hee hath all again: if he will not cut it, then he must lose all, and it is employed to some charitable uses, by which means the Thiefe escapes; and this is *Hallifax* law.

The sixth day I left *Hallifax*, and road over such wayes as are past comparison or amending, for when I went downe the lofty Mountaine called *Blackstone Edge*, I thought my selfe with my Boy and Horses had been in the land of *Break-neck*, it was so steep and tedious, yet I recovered 12 miles to *Rochdale*, and then I found smooth way to *Manchester*, and to *Sandy Lane* end 13 miles; and to *Chester* 14 miles, which was the furthest place of my tedious travell.

For my short stay at *Chester* (which was but one day and two nights, I had good and friendly entertainment, of many Gentlemen, to whom I must rest thankfull, especially to the Worshipfull Master Alderman *Edwards*, and to Master *Wright* and his Wife. It was my fortune to see and rejoyce at the sight of the Noble, Right Honorable Earle and Knight of the Renowned Order of Saint *George*, *William Earle of Darby*: And although I have no relation to his Lordship or acquaintance with him, yet for the reverend

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reverend respect which I doe owe and beare to Nobility, it did me good to see so grave and honourable a Peere.

The City of *Chester*, is of ancient erection and fame, it was the Royall Seat of Kings, and there are yet some ruines left of the memorable Pallace of King *Edgar*, to which Mansion the said King was rowed in a Barge by eight Captives (or Tributary Kings from Saint *Johns*) on the River of *Dee*, which River there is spoyled and impeached by a bank of stones all over it, onely for the employment of a Mil or two, which River other ways would be both passable & profitable to the whole Country, for many miles, for the carriage of goods in Boats & Barks. *Chester* itself is a fair City four square, well walled, with an old ruin'd Castle, which hath beene a strong Fabrick, but now a Gaole, the streets are spacious, the buildings sumptuous, and so contrived, that four or five men may walk in the most parts of a breast, dry from the injury of Raine, or any falling Weather: it is gravely and peaceably governed by a Major and his 12 Brethren, it hath foure Gates and three Posterns, goodly Churches, and chiefly painfull and learned Preachers. And so much for *Chester*.

Onely a merry Tale, of a late true businesse which hapned there, There dwelt a Bricklayer, a
C good

good Workman (but a good husband) whose name was *John Tilly*, who had the good hap to spend all that he got in his life time, except two sonnes and one daughter: And being sicke and in his death-bed, there came a poore neighbour to visit him, whom he desired to make or write his last Will and Testament; the poor man (having Ink and Paper) asked him what hee should write?

Quoth honest John Tittle, my estate is but little, but I pray thee write thus.

I*Mprimis, I give and bequeath to my Wife (for her solace and comfort) my little Dog, for it is a pretty nimble alive Curre, and wil make her some sport which may delight her, and put the grief of my death out of her sad remembrance.*

Item, I give and bequeath to my eldest sonne John, all my working Tools belonging to my trade of Bricklaying, which as hee may use, may be as available to him, as they have beene to me, and this is the summe of my Will.

His youngest sonne standing by, sayd, Father, have you nothing to give mee? *Yes sonne (quoth hee) I had almost forgotten thee; but I will leave thee some what.*

Item,

He spent all he had in his life time, except two sonnes and one daughter.

*Item, I give and bequeath to my sonne George
seven foot of ground under the Gallowse.*

Good father take comfort (said George) for my hope is that you will recover, and live to enjoy that Legacie your selfe.

Then the daughter pray'd him to give her somewhat whereby she might remember his fatherly love, *Yes, quoth he, I pray write.*

*Item, I give and bequeath to my onely daughter
a Whores conditions and qualities, which as shee
may use them, she may live in such estate and fame
that she may be mistaken for a Gentlewoman.*

*Lastly, I doe make and ordaine my Neighbour
here, my full Executor: and for his paines for
writing my Will, I do give him and his heires male
for ever, an old shooing-horn.*

The ninth of September I turn'd my back upon
Chester, (almost without taking leave) and road
15 miles to Nantwich, the tenth I rode to Stone
and to Lichfield, 22 miles.

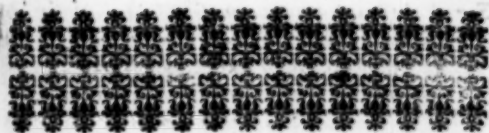
Of the Ancient Town of Lichfield I can say
nothing (by reason of my short stay) onely there

is a faire and curious old Cathedrall Church or Minster.

And the Towne hath that priviledge (as mine Hoast told me) that they can draw and hang one another, and never trouble any other Judge, Assize, or Sessions.

The eleventh I rode to *Faseley*, *Abersom*, *Hinckley* and *Dadlington*, eighteen miles, where all weary and almost worne out with age and travell, I rested untill Saturday the fourteenth of *September*, and then rode eight miles to my brother *Miles*, at my old welcome lodging at *Leicester*.

Newes



Newes from *Hell*, with a short
description of the *Hell*
at *Westminster*.

Not from that Hell where souls tormented
lye

In endlesse Death, and yet shall never die,
Where gnashing cold, commixt with flames still
burning,

Where's entrance free, but never back returning:
Where nought but horror, fiends, and torments
dwell;

I bring no news from that accursed Hell;
Yet mine own merits are of such low price,
To barre me from Celestiall Paradise,
And sinke me in that horrid Lake infernall,
But that my hope and faith is fixt supernall.
The Hell I write of is well known so be
A place of pleasure, and for all men free,

Where wretched Ghosts are not in torments stayd,
 For all the pains upon the purse is laid.
 To finde this Hell you need not travell farre,
 'Tis understood the high Exchequer Barre
 At Westminster, and those who thither venter,
 Do not give Cerberus a sop to enter,
 For Charons fury, you need never feare it,
 (Although ten thousand do land somewhat neer it)
 Within this Hell is good content and quiet,
 Good entertainment, various sorts of diet,
 Tables a score at once, in sundry places,
 Where hungry mouthes fall to, and say short Graces,
 And then (in some sort) I may parallell
 This earthly Hell, with the infernall Hell.
 Hot sweltring vapours, Pots, and Cauldrons boy-
 ling,
 Great vehement fires, with roasting, stewing, broy-
 ling;
 The Cooks & Scullions, all be smear'd and smoak'd,
 And in their Masters Grease well stew'd & soak'd,
 And had the Devill a stomach unto it,
 The Cook himselfe is not the rarest bit.
 Like as th' infernall Hell doth entertain
 All commers, so this Hell doth not refrain
 To give free welcome unto every one
 If money sayle not, there's excepted None.
 This Hell is govern'd by a worthy Duke
 That Pluto like, his under fiends rebuke,

There

There the tormenting Tapster is control'd,
 If courteously he Nick not (as he should)
 He must attend at every knock and rap,
 His reverend Iugge decks with a frothy cap,
 He fills and empts, and empts and fills again
 Like Sisyphus, he toyles, but not so vain,
 Like Danaus daughters, taking up, and spilling,
 He's always emptying, and he's never filling.
 Thither the Coanfellour for comfort comes
 To vince his toying tongue, and wash his gums;
 The Client having Tityus empty maw
 (His guts tormented with the Vulture Law)
 He coming to this Hell may finde reliefe,
 Of comfortable Plumbroath, and Roast Biefe.
 There, for your solace you may feed upon
 Whole Seas of Pottage, hot as Phlegeton,
 And midst those Seas, by art, the Cooks bath laid
 Small Iles of Mutton, which you may invade
 With stomach, knife and spoon, or tooth and naile,
 With these, the victory you cannot faile.
 Therefore this earthly Hell is easier farre,
 Then where the miserable damned are,
 There's no redemption from that black Abisse,
 And here regresse, as well as egress is,
 Therefore they falsly do mistake the story,
 To call this Hell, which is but Purgatory,
 For here's no Thraldome, from this place you may
 Get present freedome, if the shot you pay.



Here followeth three Satyri-
call *Lashes* or *Ferks*, given with
the *Pen* of the *Authour*, at
or upon the *Devil's*
Ars a Peak.

Rods, are most dangerous Tools, more sharp
by ods
Then Swords, and cut more keene then
Whips or Rods;
Therefore (most high and mighty Duke of Dis)
Commander where the Lake Avernus is,
Great Lord of Limbo, Styx, and Phlegeton,
Of Tartarus, Gehenna, Acheron,
Most potent Monarch of black Erebus,
Prince of the Triple-headed Cerberus,

Sole

*Sole Emperour of Darknesse, and dark works;
 Master of Hereticks, Infidels and Turks,
 Arch-flammin of hot Tophets smouldring flames,
 King of Cocytus, and th' infernall streams,
 Earle of all Errors, and chief Dominator
 Of all sins done, by Earth, Ayre, Land, or Water,
 Viscount, and Baron of large Barathrum,
 Since I have liv'd to come so neare your Bum,
 As is your wicked Worships Arts a Peake,
 Though some men think my Muse is all too weake;
 I with my Pen doe meane to jerke and ferke ye,
 And (as I promis'd) with three jerkes will jerke ye.
 I know that many fooles will jeere and frumpe,
 That I durst come so neare the Divells Rump,
 And lash with my poore penne Satyricall,
 This great Don Diego Diabolicall:
 But I would have him and his friends to know,
 I jeere him not, for all his Bug-bare show:
 'Tis knowne that he, and all that him attend,
 To any Poet never was a friend:
 And therefore now I daring him oppose,
 And jerke his hellish Majesty in Prose.*

Although you (great Master of the perpetuall
 Hot-houfe) *Don sel de Lucifer*, have on the
 Earth in all places and Countries many multi-
 tudes

tudes of damnable sonnes, friends, and servants, to oppose mee and take your part, yet I being come so neer your *Podex*, must jerk your breech with my *Satyre Pendragonly* Goose quill, you know that reproofe is as ill taken as correction by the ungracious, Therefore although you are so bad that you are quite past any mending, yet your gracelesse Majesty may be lawfully touch'd by reprehending; you have been a Cheater ever since the Creation, and in that Art of Coozening, you first cheated your selfe of everlasting happinesse, and gained thereby perpetuall perdition, and ever since you have play'd *Hocus Pocus*, and with your tricks, sleights, and juggling Legerdemayne, done your best to draw all the whole Race of Mankind after you into your Kingdome of *Cimerian Tenebrositie*; you taught our first Parents Infidelity, Pride, Disobedience and Lying, which qualities of theirs are so naturally descended to us, that (by your industrious instigation) we do continually shew (by our lives and conversations) of what house wee came. By their example of believing too much in you, we are growne incredulous in things which most concerns our better and best of being, and wee are so inur'd and practise in lying, (by your inspiration being the father of lyes) that wee are doubtfull to believe one another. And yet (like
the

the *Cretans*) with long use and custome,
wee doe many times believe our own lyes to be
true.

May it please your infernall Hell-hood to take
into your execrable consideration, that you were
the first inventer of the most ignoble Science of
Offence, you taught *Caine* the *Imbrocado*, and
shewed him how to murder his Brother, and
from that time to this, the Art of Murdering,
Killing, and Cutting Throats hath beene univer-
sally and perfectly learned and practised. You
have beene the inventer of all manner of de-
stroying Weapons, from the high degree of the
Welsh-hook, to the lower descent of the Taylors
Bodkin; and in these later times you (with the
helpe of a Frier) have devised a burning, smoul-
dring, most Helliish and undefencible mischief
that murders men by heaps, and (with a pow-
der) can blow whole Kingdomes into the Fir-
mament; and for the innumerable Engines that
are daily used and cast for such uses, your most
high and Imperiall malediction have declared
your selfe an excellent Artist, from the dou-
ble *Cannon* to the *Elder* Gun-mines, Counter-
mines, Petards, Granadoes, Fire-works, Wild-
fire, and the Devill and all doe continually seek
and worke the destruction of miserable Man-
kinde. You are a great Traveller, and will take
the

the paines to compasse the whole earth to finde a
Iust man, on purpose to doe him a mischiefe, but
for a crew of common Drunkards, Rascals,
Bawds and Whores, you know you need not wet
your foot to seek them, they are your own already,
and by your good will, you would fill Hell
so full, that Heaven should have but a few.

*And so let that passe for one and
the first Jerke.*

SEcondly, you know that there is but one nar-
row way to happinesse, and many wayes to
your *Zona Torrida, Frigida*, (for all those large
wayes doe meet in one at the last, and bring
poore soules into your pestiferous Purfnet) some
go by the way of *Sodome*, to finde out your most
damnable Mansion, some by the way of *Incest*,
some by *Adultery*, some by *Fornication* (for they
say you are the Master of the Honourable and
Worshipfull Company and Brother-hood of the
Fornicators) in which regard you are a great
friend to Parators & Panders. You shew'd *Cham*
the way how to deride his father, by which ex-
ample a company of *Chammists*, have ever since
practised not onely to mock, scoff, and abuse their

naturall parents, but also to contemne, raile and
 revile against Kings and Princes, who are the
 Royall Fathers of Terrestriall Government, and
 further to despise, slight, and libell against the
 most Reverend Fathers, the Stewards and pain-
 full Dispensers of the spiritmall food of Eterni-
 ty; you directed *Corah* and his Complices the
 high rode-way to murmur; *Achitophel* to give
 wicked counsell, and *Abjolon* to rebel and usurpe;
 you shewed *Joab* the way to Treachery, *Achan*
 to steale, *Jobs* wife to abuse her husband, from
 whom the most part of women (like apt schol-
 lers) are very expert in that kinde of miserable
 mystery. You put *Gebezi* into the high-way of
 taking a bribe, and it is too well known what a
 wicked number of followers he hath had of all
 degrees, from the Scepter to the Swain, from the
 black Gown to the buckrum bag. You directed
Nabal (who Anagrammatized or lead backward
 is *Laban*) to be as churlish as a Hog, from whom
 miserable *Dives* hath perfectly learn'd the way
 to true misery, you taught *Nimrod* the way to
 tyrannize, and enclose and encroach upon
 Land and Territories, which hath beene the
 bounding, mounding, and curtalling of Com-
 mons. The raising of Ambition, Pride, Volun-
 tuousnesse, and such earthly vertues of accursed
 Greatnesse, and to the Almighty making of Beg-
 gers.

gers. You tye fast the Rich mans purse, and let loose the poore mans curse, you instructed *Pharaoh*, *Senacherib*, and *Rabsheka* in the way of blasphemy, and from those Hellish presidents their wickednesse is daily impiously imitated, *Shimei* was one of your *Anathema* profound Schollers, and from you hee learn'd to curse the Lords Anointed extempore: once (as I have read) you were so addicted to peace and unity that you made *Herod* and *Pilate* friends, who were hatefull enemies, but afterwards your Hypocrisie was found, that it was your plot to destroy innocence: you made *Demas* to forsake the Truth, and embrace the World (your wicked sister :) you have never been unprovided of a kennell of Whores, Queans, and Concubines, to tempt and draw the wisest men to folly, and for him that is most strong (in his owne opinion) you have alwayes one darling sinne or other to fit his disposition, constitution, inclination, or humour, that like a *Dalilah* shall weaken him, or quite overthrow him.

*And this shall suffice for the
second lерke.*

Third-

394. 11. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

THirdly and lastly, you know that your end
 draws nigh, and therefore now you rave,
 rage, and are more mad then ever you were, you
 know that after Doomsday, that you shall have
 no more power over Mortals, then you shall be
 for ever chain'd in your Denne like a Dogge in a
 Kennell; and therefore now you with all dou-
 ble diligence, doe endeavour to doe your best to
 doe your worst, and as much as in you lyeth, you
 draw us from bad to worse, and from worse to
 worst. The Hypocrite (by your incitement) doth
 vizard all his villany, with the maske or veile
 of vertue; hee follows the steps of *Ananias* and
Saphira to a haire, hee with his sower looke
 shrowds a lofty minde. You have scatterd pride
 into as many shapes as *Proteus*, so that a proud
 fashon hunter (if either money or credit will
 furnish him) will transforme himselfe into as
 many formes as you can do; our Roarers (who
 by your pestiferous favour are stiled the damn'd
 crew) are so given to most unhallowed meditati-
 on, that they lie a bed almost till Dinner time to
 study new oaths, to vent at this Ordinary, at
 Bowls, Cock-fighting, Horse-race, Whore-house,
 or any other place of Gentleman like or noble
 exercise; and as you have taught them to swear
 with-

without feare, so they doe often forswear without shame : although sometimes they hazzard their eares, as they doe their souls. You set bad Projectors (and unprofitable) a work, as thick as Crab-lice or Caterpillers, and it is no doubt but you will deale so justly with them, that you will pay them their wages, & after you have set them a gog (with a vengeance) to doe injury with a mischief. You are so skilfull in Physicke, that you have made too many believe that the losse of a Mayden-head is an approved and speedy Medicine for the Green sicknesse. Poets, Painters (and some few Courtiers) you have so well taught that they can flatter most artificially with Pen, Picture, and by word of mouth.

It is long of you that what ever the Choplin and the Chaplin hath, yet the thin-check'd Chip-lin hath nothing at all. I know a poore Curate that comes and goes a mile every Sunday, be it Winter or Summer, all manner of weathers, sometimes wet to the skin, and preaches once a week (on Sundays) for bare five pound a yeare, the Tythe being valued at six y pound *per annum*, so that the miserable Stipend or Hireling wages will hardly buy wood to make a fire for him when hee comes home to dry him, when hee is through wet. This is your worke (*Monsieur Di.bola*)

Diabola) for it is your inspiration to put such wrangling spirits into Impropriatours, that for the not paying of a tenth Pudding or a tythe Egge the Law must take his course. You have brought the Schismaticall Separatist to be as uncomfortable as your selfe, for (like you) they cannot bide the Crosse or the signe of it (if it be not upon money) and you have made them as unmannerly as your selfe, for they will not move a Hat, or Bow a Knee at the Name of our Saviour, and they are wax'd as slovenly as you can make them, for they hate clean Linnen, and all order, neatnesse and decency in the Church; And you have long practiz'd a politick slight, which is, that when a Reverend Pastor is painfully and carefully preaching to his Audience, instructing them how to avoid your snares and traps; then you are so angry and impatient when you are told of your faults, and heare your damnable devices laid open, that you could afford to pull the Preacher out of the Pulpit by the eares, or to teare him in pieces, but that hee is so happy that you have no power over him: your inveterate malice being limited, curb'd, and snaffled by an unresistable High and omnipotent power, and hee very well understands and knowes in whose service he is, and whose Embarasse he delivers,

livers, and therefore is so valiant that he neither feares or cares a rush for you; which your imperiall malevolence perceiving, you have another trick for him, which is to lull the people asleep, (of which number many times the best of the Parish are some) by which means you do debarre them of what they should heare, and in the mean time, the Preacher speaks to the bare walls. And I am perswaded that is against your will, that there is any good Preacher living, and seeing they do live (in despite of you) and that by their care & industry they doe now and then violently plucke a soule from you, in revenge thereof you chiefly seek their confusion, either by war, slander, or starving them through want of means. Yet this much may be spoken as one of your good parts, which is, that you were never known to be drunke, and though you never walke uprightly, yet you never stumbled, you were never so fox'd but you knew the way home (and the troth is, you are so bold, that you would make every place your home.) The Court, the City, the Country, the Pallace, the Castle, the Cottage, and the Church and all, you are so audacious either to enter them by force, or else to insinuate and sneak into them by craft and subtilty. And though you are no drunkard, yet you doe

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love the whole Rabble of them so well, that you are unwilling to lose one of them all, but my hope is better. For if they leave it and mend their manners as they should do, the Devill the one of them you are like to have. You have the art to make great Scholler to learne Retrograde, for if a man be never so good a Grammarian, and hath *Greek* and *Latine* as perfect as *Homer* or *Virgil*, yet (if he be married) you doe too often teach his wife the way to reade him backward, like an *Hebrician*, and though he be never so well-skild in learned Volumes, and the seven liberall Arts, yet shee puts him againe into his *Horn-book*. You have so much Devotion in you, that you doe assist those Brethren that doe pray zealously, that they may be disobedient with a safe conscience, and you make them so stout and valiant that some of them are more able to doe more service in a white sheet then the honestest man in a whole Shire can doe. You know that the Projector would be an honest man if hee did not keep company with himselfe, therefore you might do somewhat to be talk'd off, if you would separate him. It is a scurvy fashion of your devising, that wisemen in Russet, must reverence and stand bare to silken fools; but to conclude, you have gotten such a freedome that you have a

finger in all Trades, and an Oare in every man's Boat, nor was there ever any bad thought, word, or deed, imagined, spoken, or committed since the Creation, but you were at the middle and both ends of it; and I do remember that I have read how once you bragged, boasted and promised to give all the kingdomes of the world to be worshipped, and afterward you were in that poore roguish case, that you were faine to aske leave to take possession of a silly Hog. In which manner of vain-glorious ostentation, bragging and boasting, the most part of men are expert, and to promise much, and performe nothing, is so easie a lesson of your teaching, that many great men are more ready and perfit in it then in their *Pater noster*. And now you Grand Master of mischief, you may trusse up your hose, for at this time my Pen is worn blunt, my Inkhorn dry and my selfe weary with jerking, where correction is in pain, and no possibility of no amendment.

Thus after the expence of much money, and ten weeks time, having ridden 645 miles (of sundry measures and sizes) all weary and almost monyleffe, I returned to *London* on Friday the twentieth of *September*, 1639.

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